

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 15

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

JANUARY 11, 1920



## A Boy Printer in Atlanta.

HARRISON GRIFFITH EDWARDS, TWELVE YEARS OLD, PRINTS *THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN NEWS*, PUBLISHED BY THE CHURCH SCHOOL OF THE UNITARIAN-UNIVERSALIST CHURCH IN THAT CITY.

SINCE he was ten, Harrison Edwards had owned a hand printing-press. With it he printed letter-heads, cards, and tickets for entertainments, gaining a reputation for excellent work.

When a new superintendent of the church school of the Liberal Christian Church of Atlanta began to study ways of building up the school and extending its influence, he thought how much could be done with a weekly paper. It was agreed upon, and Edwards, now twelve years old, was asked to bid on the job.

He saw a chance to do something for his own church and church school which would be worth while. You may be sure his bid was accepted, for he offered to print the paper—for nothing.

His church saw a chance to do something for him, too. The members fur-

nished him with a larger hand-press and more type than he had before. He set up his office in a gable room in his own home. There, week by week, he publishes the church paper, working as you see him in the picture.

The little four-page paper is a "live wire." It appears on Friday of each week, giving news of all departments of church work,—especially of the church school,—announcements, now and then an advertisement and a bit of humor. An editor for each department furnishes copy, and the young publisher does the rest.

The Editor of *The Beacon* is pleased to receive *The Liberal Christian News* each week, and congratulates the school of our church in Atlanta and the boy publisher on their successful paper.

## Win's Vacation.

BY BAYARD D. YORK.

WINSHIP MERRILL bounded up the dormitory stairs three at a time, danced into his room, and threw a little red-covered book upon his desk.

"There!" he exclaimed. "That's an end to 'As You Like It!' My last exam, Buds! Now for a week with Spencer down at that great country-place of his."

"Buds" Kendall looked up.

"You're a lucky dog to be through," he remarked. "I've still got this biology exam coming—and what I know of biology wouldn't be of much use to the world in a pinch. Oh, this came for you."

Win took the yellow envelope, and with his mind still on Spencer's party sat down upon the window-seat, whistling tunelessly. Suddenly the whistling ceased—in a sort of quickly drawn breath that made "Buds" look up again.

"Not bad news?" he asked.

For a long moment Win sat perfectly still, staring at the yellow sheet of paper in his hand. Then his lips moved automatically and he read aloud:

"Come home at once. Father in automobile accident. May not live."

"Buds" got up awkwardly and went over and put a hand on his room-mate's shoulder.

"That's tough!" he said. "Maybe it isn't as bad as they think, though—lots of times such things seem worse at first than they are."

"Can you help me pack?" Win asked.

"Of course I can," "Buds" answered; and together they packed Win's trunk and suitcase, not to go to Spencer's country-house, but back to the home where Henry Merrill lay unconscious.

When Win reached home and his sister Ethel met him at the door, there was a look on her face that frightened him.

"Dr. Griffith says there is hope—a little," she told him in answer to his quick question. "I can't believe that—that—well, you know. And only the other day I was real cross with—with Father because he wouldn't increase my allowance. It—it!"

Her words died away into silence and she wiped her red eyes.

"How does Mother take it?"

Rather to his surprise, Win found himself thinking of the way his mother must feel and of the fact that she must lean on him now—thoughts such as he had never had before.

"Oh, Mother is a brick, of course," Ethel answered.

For several days it seemed to Win as if, now that he had come home, there was nothing for him to do but to wait in agony for what might come. Gruff Dr. Griffith held out little hope.

On the third day Mr. Merrill called for his son.



"My boy," he said in low, almost inaudible tones; "I've got to call upon you in a way I never expected to do. I have always had a big salary, and we have spent it just as fast as it came in. I never prepared for anything like this. Your mother and sister will have to look to you for support now—you will not fail them, will you, Son?"

Win fought to keep his lips steady.

"You mean you want me to go to work?" he asked.

His father's voice became almost silent.

"I'd feel—better—if—you—did," Win heard him say.

That evening he told Ethel what his father had said.

"I didn't know that—about spending the money so fast," she exclaimed. "I wish I hadn't asked him to increase my allowance. Well, I can help now anyway. I've always wanted to go into library work—and I know that they are short-handed at the Public Library right now. And you?"

"Oh, I'll work. It will be a brand new sensation—but others have lived through it."

He was thinking that this crisis was showing up the kind of stuff that his family was made of, and that it was a creditable kind. He must see to it that he did his part.

Win succeeded in receiving a position with the Martin-Lane Department Store. They were having their annual sale, and to Win was assigned the job of keeping stock on the shelves and counters. It was hard work—up and down stairs with heavy loads all day. There were times when Win expected to drop exhausted; and other times when he was sure that his back would break into two pieces the next minute.

Neither of these things happened, however; and the next week, when the sale was over, he was given a position at the "notion" counter. This was easier.

The weeks dragged by. There was little change in Mr. Merrill's condition. The man's iron constitution was fighting a grim, unequal battle.

The eight dollars a week which Win received at first seemed to him a painfully inadequate recompense for the work which he did; and he was pleased when he was advanced to ten dollars a week. On the first day of August the manager called him into the office and told him that he would be put into the Men's Furnishings department with a weekly salary of fifteen dollars.

The gruff manager even spoke a word of praise.

"You have put your heart into the business," he said. "The man who does that gets ahead—we'll do anything for him. So many clerks work only for the money they get, without interest in the business. I hope you'll never be that kind."

When Win went home that night he forgot that his legs ached. As it happened, it had been one of his father's good days and he was able to tell him the good news at once.

The man listened with a smile.

"Good, Son!" he cried. "I'm beginning to think that this accident of mine was a blessing to us all—it has drawn us all closer together and helped us to understand each other. Have you any idea as to just why they advanced you?"

"Yes," Win nodded. "One day a man

came to the notion counter and asked for a spool of thread. Nothing I had seemed to suit him—and he finally decided that he wanted twine, anyway. But I couldn't suit him with that. He was pretty disagreeable—and I'll own up that I did get hot under the collar; but I kept my temper to myself, and offered to send for anything he wanted. I found out afterward that he wasn't a real customer at all, but a sort of inspector sent around to try out new clerks."

"You did well, Son," said his father.

"Then one day at the men's counter an old woman came in to buy some pajamas for her son. She couldn't speak English very well, and Smith got all out of patience with her and was just turning her away when I stepped in and asked a few questions. Would you believe it, the woman had money—or at least she bought four pairs of pajamas for somewhere around twenty-five dollars! And as it happened, Kane, the assistant manager, saw the whole thing."

"Courtesy pays," said the father.

"Wherever you may be, it pays—not necessarily in money, but there are things lots better than money—as we are finding out, Son!"

August, with its almost insufferable heat, moved slowly to a close. It was the first summer that Win had ever spent in town. Sometimes he found it hard to be courteous to unreasonable customers; but for the most part he was able, as he expressed it, to keep his temper to himself.

His father seemed to be gaining, but the doctor was not satisfied. There was an internal injury, he said—whether serious or not time alone could tell.

One day early in September "Buds" came into the store.

"On my way back from Maine," he said. "I dropped off to see you for a minute. Been at this all summer, have you?"

Win nodded.

"Well," "Buds" said, "I guess it will seem mighty good and restful to you to get back to school again."

"I'm not coming back," Win said.

"You aren't! Say, that's tough! We'll miss you. Can't you come—somehow?"

Win shook his head. His room-mate's visit left him feeling gloomy and discouraged. It was tough to give up school and college. The prospect of working in a department store all his life did not appeal to him. Ethel was at the library, though, and no word of complaint ever came from her. He must be a brick, too.

When he reached home that afternoon Dr. Griffith's car was at the curb; and before he could open the door, Ethel came out.

"I think Father is worse," she said. "Dr. Griffith has some New York specialist here. They are upstairs now."

They found their mother in the library. Win went up to her and put his hands on her shoulders.

"Don't worry, Mother, don't worry!" he said.

"I was so happy," she said in a low tone. "I received word this afternoon that the company has voted to pay your father's salary for a year—but of what good is the money if—"

They all looked up at the sound of a footstep. Dr. Griffith stood in the doorway, an impressive figure.

"Dr. Jackson has made a thorough examination," he said slowly. "He is sure of the fact which I had begun to believe—that Mr. Merrill will get well again. I would not give you reason to hope for that until there was no doubt—no doubt. Wait, children," he added quickly, as they all started toward the stairs. "Only the wife may go up now—the patient needs to rest."

He stepped back and let Mrs. Merrill go upstairs. Then he turned to Win and Ethel.

"Do you know what your father's first thought was when I told him he was going to get well?" he asked. "He said, 'I want my boy and girl to go back to school.'"

"But we can't," said Win. "At least I can't—I must work."

"I don't think so," said the doctor. "You know your education will be worth a lot to you if you can get it. And I believe we can have your father on his feet again in a few months now."

He looked at them solemnly—yet with a little twinkle in his eyes.

"I ought not to tell you," he said, "but your father thinks that he has a wonderful daughter and a wonderful son; and—well, I imagine he knows!"

### The Cunning Bee.

BY MARY MANN.

SAID a little wandering maiden  
To a bee with honey laden:  
"Bee, at all the flowers you work,  
Yet in some does poison lurk."

"That I know, my little maiden,"  
Said the bee with honey laden;  
"But the poison I forsake,  
And the honey only take."

"Cunning bee, with honey laden,  
That is right," replied the maiden;  
"So will I, from all I meet,  
Only take the good and sweet."

### Polly of the Court.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

I DON'T know why they called it a court, for it was only a very ugly forlorn street, but its name was Mills Court. Polly Francis pretended it was a real queen's court and that she was a grand lady residing there. She had to pretend very hard, but then Polly knew how. There's everything in knowing how. There weren't many girls in the Court, and none Polly's age, and the boys were either very little or very big and they were very rough, and swore (as Polly said) "to beat the band." Polly would have been very lonely if she hadn't been so wonderful at pretending, and if she hadn't had such a wonderful mother. Mrs. Francis looked like a girl almost, especially when she laughed. You wouldn't think she could laugh very much when her fine young husband had died four years before, and instead of living in a pretty apartment in the suburbs, she had to come here and go to work in a big store every day. At first she took rooms in an unfashionable street, then in one not so nice, and now they had two little rooms in a tenement. But then, as Mrs. Francis said, some of her neighbors had



only one, and they were so well, and they had Daddy's monthly insurance from the firm where he had worked. It wasn't much, but otherwise Polly couldn't have had comfortable clothes, nor school-books, for her mother's wages were very small. But it is wonderful how happy they were. For one thing, besides pretending, Polly could make up rhymes just as her father had done. Then she would tell them to her mother when she came home. If they jingled well sometimes, the teacher had Polly read them in school. Polly thought it was very jolly.

There was a baby in the court Polly dearly loved. There was only one drawback—she wasn't very clean. Polly saved her pennies and bought a soap baby at the ten-cent store. She told the baby's mother it was for Helen's bath and would float in the water. She made up a rhyme about it. This is the way it ran:

Helen Barton is the name  
Of the dearest baby known to fame;  
This other baby's not for play,  
It's yours for use both night and day.  
It will swim in your tub,  
And give you a rub;  
It will brighten your beauty  
If you do your duty;  
So here's health to you, dear,  
And joy all the year.

But alas! neither the soap baby nor the rhyme made Helen much cleaner. Her mother worked hard and was used to dirt. Sometimes Polly took her up to their room and bathed her.

One day she came up the stairs home singing a new jingle:

There was a girl whose name was Polly,  
When she wasn't cross she was very jolly;  
She'd rather play and rhyme than study,  
Which vexed a lady whom she called "Muddie."

Her mother was in the room when she came in, for Polly had done some errands and was late.

"Polly," said her mother, "do you know that to-morrow is the eleventh birthday of the Princess of Mills Court?"

Polly's eyes danced. "Why, Mother Francis, I thought it wasn't till Saturday."

"Let us have somebody to our party," her mother went on; "see if you can't find two little girls who have less than you, and have them here to supper."

Polly could hardly wait for next day to come. She knew one girl already. She went to her school. Her name was Lucy Parker. Her father and mother were dead, and Lucy worked for a woman, out of school, for "her keep." When Polly asked her, Lucy was very happy. Then she remembered Mrs. Scott. She had to take care of the baby after school, but Polly went home with her and begged so hard Mrs. Scott let her off for two hours and a half. The other little girl lived in the Court. She was younger than Polly, and lame. Her father drank and was often very unkind to her.

Polly was, as she told her mother, almost scared, her visitors were so happy. They had never had such a party in their lives. They had sandwiches, and cocoa, and scalloped potatoes, sliced bananas, and candy, and a cake with red candles. They played games, and Lucy had to run like the wind to get home on time.

Then just before she went to bed Polly's mother gave her a string of pretty beads. "Mother Francis, this is the scrumpiest birthday since dear Dad was here!" said Polly as she hugged her hard.

## Taking His Father's Place.

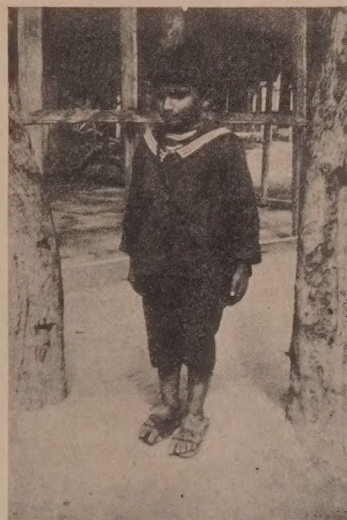
BY WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

(Dr. Lawrence, president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, went to Palestine, Egypt, and Syria last spring, as a member of the American Commission for Relief in the Near East. The group was composed of prominent Sunday-school representatives from eighteen religious fellowships. Their report of conditions is the basis for an appeal now made to all Sunday schools for contributions to save the children of Bible lands from starvation.)

The *Beacon* will publish a series of six little stories by Dr. Lawrence which tell about Armenian children whom he saw on that trip, of which this is the first. Classes or schools should send their offerings for this work to Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.)

HE was a little Armenian, only eleven years old, but grown wise far beyond his years through knowledge of a side of life that most American boys happily know nothing about. For he had gone without food until his little legs would hardly hold him up; yet in that condition they had to carry him over long journeys on foot. Add to all this the fact that he was surrounded by evil men who were always harsh and cruel and who did not hesitate to kill those who did not seem strong enough to keep up the long march, and you will see why though only eleven (and he was younger by two years when all this happened) he looked—and in a real sense was—much older.

It was not what had happened to him that seemed most in his mind as he talked with me through an interpreter, though he shuddered, and I shuddered, when he drew his finger across his throat to indicate how his mother had been killed. For little Mardiras Kumrikian was most concerned for his baby brother. The child had been placed in his charge by a dying mother, but had been taken from him by a man who, though his title showed that he had made a pious pilgrimage to Mecca, was very cruel. Where the baby was, what had become of him, Mardiras did not know.



"A little Armenian, grown wise beyond his years."

Mardiras has two uncles in the United States and wishes he might find them. All he knows is that shortly before his home was destroyed and his father killed as he sat at his telegraph instrument in the village post-office, a letter had come from these uncles. Did they send money to help them go to America? If so, it was gone with all the rest that the soldiers took from them. Then there is his older brother, now thirteen, whose name is Berge. Would I help find him?

I wish I might! I only hope this brother has as fine a spirit as Mardiras has. "I want to be a man and take my father's place," said this plucky lad.

I am sure our American boys and girls will help him, and the many thousands of other Armenian boys in like situation, to reach that honorable goal.

## A Letter from Dorothy.

(A PHARISEE LETTER.)

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

DEAR DADDY,—I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am feeling anything but well, and hope you are not the same. It's partly bodily, but mostly my mind, and I'm very low in it, Daddy—very!

You know Gwendolyne Smythe, and remember how we girls—all the "sensible" ones, Roberta, and Jane, and Caroline, and the rest, and I—have always sniffed about her. No, I suppose you *don't*, for it's been just among ourselves, and when you've been with us, you've always been so interesting that we were quite willing to keep still and let you do the talking. (That's honest, Daddy! I don't hesitate to tell you, for I know that nothing—not even the high opinion of your high-school daughter and her friends—can make you "put on side," as Jack expresses it, since he came home from "across.")

Well, about Gwendolyne—besides the spelling she adopted for her name—when high heels were in, or pointed toes, she always knew of it first, and got them first of anybody, and higher, and pointer, than any other girl in town; and

her figured veils had the most and the biggest figures (now don't pick that statement into its component parts, Daddy!); and her narrow skirts were narrower, and her short skirts were shorter, and her "sheer" waists were sheerer, and her short-waisted dresses were shorter-waisted and her long-waisted ones were longer-waisted, than were elsewhere to be seen; and her picture hats were more picturey, and her mannish chapeaux mannish—well there, you've seen her enough times, Daddy! Besides, she screams at the tiniest bit of a mouse, or even the thought of one, or a worm, or a spider, so she's no good at picnics; and, well, Daddy, we all groaned and giggled, inwardly, when we saw Gwendolyne coming to join us.

Well, last week her father and mother had to go away to see her grandmother Smith, who is ill, and she came to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Moore, next door, you know. And last night was a concert at the Y. W. C. A. Hall, and your daughter was to recite, and it was to be quite a "big" affair, and you may be sure I donned my very newest and fluffly-wuffliest dress, figured georgette—of course that means nothing to you, Daddy, but "suffice it to say," it's very, very fluffly-wuffy.

Gwendolyne, much fluffly-wufflier than I, of course, came tripping down from her





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

32 GLEASON STREET,  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Disciples School, Boston. I am in the Junior class and study "God's Wonder World." I would like to join the Beacon Club very much. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like the letters the best.

Yours truly,

OLIVE HASTINGS.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Dear Miss Buck,—As we belong to the Unitarian Sunday school, we have decided to join the Beacon Club. Our class has organized a club and we delight in solving the enigmas.

Hoping to be admitted into your club, we remain,

OLGA SCHMUTZ, Secretary.  
GRACE RUBY, President.  
BETTY BERRY AKIN, Director.  
VIRGINIA EDDIE.  
EMILY LOUISE VAN OVER BEKE.  
ANITA WILLIG.  
CHARLOTTE MILLER.

aunt's piazza to go along with me; and I was thinking that I wasn't particularly pleased, when all in a flash I was surrounded by flames! Anyway, that's how it seemed. I'd noticed some matches on the sidewalk—unsafety ones—as I came along, also a tin beach-pail, and shovel, and hammer, and a few other things, left there, of course, by Tommy Moore—what that child *doesn't* get hold of! And the last I remember was feeling a match roll and scrunch under my heel. You know, Daddy,—no, of course you haven't noticed, but I'm telling you,—that dresses are quite long, now, and it was easy enough for that little spurt of flame to reach my bottomest ruffle—and then—

What do you suppose your presence-of-mindful, resourceful, cool-headed Girl Scout daughter did? Wrap about her the cloak she had over her arm, and then roll over to extinguish the flames? She did not! She cast the cloak far from her, and ran, screaming. She fairly flew! And after her flew Gwendolyne Smythe, also screaming, but screaming, "Dorothy, stop, stop!" And her voice sounded a mile away!

Well, she caught up with me, in spite of having on her highest-heeled shoes, and narrowest skirt, and she flung her long, extra-ultra-stylish evening cape about me, and rolled, and squeezed, and patted, till the flames were out. I suppose it all took about thirty-five or -six seconds—though somehow it seemed longer. Then she fainted! So did I! And the folks picked us up, with our fluffy-wuffy dresses all spoiled, and our hands and faces blistered—Gwendolyne's quite as badly as mine!

And the concert rubbed along that evening without your talented daughter—though it may be hard for you to believe that!

And the only punishment I've thought

707 CLARK STREET,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.  
Dear Miss Buck,—I am thirteen years old and I go to St. John's Sunday school. I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy the stories and puzzles very much. I would really enjoy wearing the pin of the Beacon Club and try to send you some puzzles. Please make me a member and I shall try to wear the pin every day.

Yours respectfully,

ELEANOR HILLEBRAND.

2 CONGRESS STREET,  
GREENFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—At Sunday school to-day we had some pictures of the life of Jesus on the screen, and our superintendent told the story.

I go skating most every day with my friends, but it snowed last night, so we can't skate to-day.

I am very interested in *The Beacon* and I would like to receive a badge and become a member.

On my next birthday I will be ten years old and I am now in the eighth grade at school.

I am enclosing the answers to the puzzles in the last *Beacon*.

Affectionately yours,

THAIS ATWOOD.

of, for being such a Pharisee, is to use the money you sent me for my fall outfit to replace Gwendolyne's ruined finery, instead of letting you pay for it, you long-suffering Daddy! And I shall do it, so that's settled!

Don't think that I shall adopt Gwendolyne's way of dressing, now that she's turned out to be such a brick, nor spell my name "Dorothy," nor anything like that! But Daddy, I've learned—well, a lot!

Your hopefully improving (in more ways than one!)

DOROTHY.

## Church School News.

A FORMER teacher in the school of the First Unitarian Church in San Francisco is now in Aleppo, Syria, as district supervisor and worker with the American Committee for Relief in the Near East. The school sent her a Christmas gift of \$50.

St. John's Church, Cincinnati, has a large and active Girls' Club, meeting once a week for supper, followed by a programme, or by games or parties at special festival seasons. They print a programme for the year, and have for their motto "Awake to Duty."

At Toledo, Ohio, a "New Member" contest is in progress. Each Sunday a slip indicating each new member secured is pasted on a thermometer design, to show how membership rises toward the 100 mark. Designs on each slip show whether the new pupil was brought by boy or girl. In January the losing group will serve a supper to the winners; and if 100 is reached before January 1, the officers and teachers of the school will serve the supper to both groups. A very successful party for the school was held on November 14.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXIX.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 10, 6, 3, 7, 8, 5, is one very dear to us.  
My 11, 17, 18, 19, is a group of musicians.  
My 1, 2, 12, 14, 15, is a country in South America.  
My 13, 17, 16, 4, is a favorite game.  
My 20, 9, 10, 17, is a piece of furniture.  
My whole is a group which needs our help.  
J. W.

### ENIGMA XXX.

I am composed of 10 letters.  
My 2, 4, 8, is a mineral liquid.  
My 6, 10, 7, 9, is a covering for the face.  
My 1, 4, 10, is to prevaricate.  
My 3, 8, 10, is a Mexican tree.  
My 4, 5, 5, 3, 10, is to give out.  
My whole is a prominent American city.  
OLGA SCHMUTZ.

### LOST CARPENTER'S TOOLS AND TERMS.

Fill in the blanks with the missing words.  
Now, good people, please listen and be not dismayed  
While I — a few — on the carpenter's trade.  
My talk is a — one, without any wit,  
So do not get —, it is only a —  
That I wish to — on; and in what may be said  
I hope I may — the — on the head.  
Although on the — his fortune is made,  
He has — a name for a —, honest trade.  
And I will en — though he —, — and —,  
'Tis as — business as ever you —.  
It — no ill that he has his —,  
For he — and builds, and he hews to the —  
By a — — that is — as a —,  
If this — to his fame, I am glad. That is —.  
Youth's Companion.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 13.

ENIGMA XXV.—A Happy New Year to *Beacon* readers.

ENIGMA XXVI.—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

HIDDEN CITIES (Foreign). 1. Naples. 2. Amiens. 3. Hanover. 4. Glasgow. 5. Lima. 6. Nineveh. 7. Babylon. 8. Archangel. 9. Cordova. 10. Damascus.

WORD SQUARE.—S A I T  
A R E A  
L E S S  
T A S K

TWISTED TREES.—1. Maple. 2. Elm. 3. Birch. 4. Hemlock. 5. Spruce. 6. Pine. 7. Apple. 8. Peach. 9. Pear. 10. Fir. 11. Plum. 12. Beech.

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Thais Atwood, Greenfield, Mass.; Hazel Hill, Methuen, Mass.; Colburn Hardy, Newton Lower Falls, Mass.; and Doris Marsden, Fall River, Mass.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, Editor

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